

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

July 1930

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVIII.

JULY, 1930

No. 7

Thou Art the Way

Thou art the Way when life is young;
Where shines the soul in baby eyes,
Fresh from Thy Bosom whence it sprung
To greet the world in dumb surprise.

Thou art the Way in childhood hours,
When happy days glide swiftly by,
Like golden sunbeams mid the flowers
Whose touch breathes fragrance to the sky.

Thou art the Way in splendid youth,
When hearts are filled with wondrous dreams,
And life and strength but give them sooth
Where bright the distant future gleams.

Thou art the Way in manhood's force,
When toil and weariness appear.
Thy guiding Hand must steer the course;
No storm affrights if Thou be near.

Thou art the Way, Oh Lord of Hosts,
When shadows gather mid the gold.
The gently sinking pathway boasts
No upward journey for the old.

Thou art the Way, Oh Prince of Peace,
When all the hopes of life have fled;
Where shines Thy Face all trials cease,
As wind-blown ashes, cold, and dead.

Thou art the Way when shadows fall.
No other Light may pierce the gloom—
Sweet twilight answers to Thy call,
And speeds the darkness of the tomb.

Thou art the Way when life is o'er,
And hope lives on Thy Face to see,
Where thrills sweet music from the shore
Which lies beyond the burnished sea.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Winter had set in at least two weeks earlier than usual, and that was a matter of no little moment in St. Mary's Parish. The children welcomed it. On the morning of November 15 the lake down in Pelican Park was found frozen solid—a good fortnight before they had even ventured to hope for it. The news was shouted from house to house, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, a howling mob was racing for the pond.

But many a worried father and mother had kept fearful watch on the falling mercury the night before and had slept but little. Extra bills for coal! Extra bills for shoes and clothing! Higher prices for food! Loreen's torn shoes would have done service until next month if this frigid wave had held off, and Bobbie's overcoat could have waited until after the rent was paid. The family could just barely worry through an ordinary winter when work was plentiful. But now—a mountain of extra bills, and the bread winner out of a job! And then the usual, or perhaps more than usual, allotment of sickness and accidents and unforeseen calamities. It was not merely "hard luck"—it was tragedy.

Father Casey had lived and worked in the very midst of it since last November. January was now drawing to a close, and still no relief in sight. He had been on a sick call down in the poorest section of the parish and was returning sick at heart and weary of limb. Little wonder he murmured a "Deo gratias" when he heard the deep voice of Ronald Simon calling: "Father Tim. O, Father Tim, climb in and let me drive you home."

A big limousine rolled up to the curb, received the priest, and went purring on its way.

"How many times you have promised to come out and see the new home I am building, Father Tim. Now you are my prisoner, and that is the ransom I exact of you."

The rich manufacturer had never once refused assistance to any good work for which Father Casey had appealed to him, therefore the good priest felt in duty bound to satisfy his whim.

"Clarence, don't mind about the factory. Take the next turn for Como Place," Simon told the driver.

"Were you on your way to Plant Number Four?" Father Casey asked.

"I had intended to look in there for a minute. You know, when a plant is shut down it needs as much attention as when it is running, but—"

"Then by all means do so, since you are so near. I am in no hurry." In fact, the worried pastor was far more interested in that idle plant on the outskirts of the parish than in all the fine mansions in the world.

A phantom ship, a haunted house, a city of the dead, Jerusalem in ruins—these were some of the uncanny similes which came to Father Casey while he and his friend stood in the deserted factory looking at the long rows of machines silent and motionless.

"It is costing me thousands of dollars for upkeep, without a penny in return, every day this plant lies idle," said Simon; "but we can't crowd the market."

"What are all the workmen doing that used to be employed here?" the priest inquired.

"I'm sure I don't know. Picked up jobs somewhere else, I suppose."

"Are other factories going so strong as to be able to absorb the thousands of men you let out from here?"

"No, Father Tim; other factories are, like my own, firing rather than hiring."

"Then it is quite likely that these men are out of work entirely."

"I shouldn't doubt it. We have a high rate of unemployment this winter."

"How do they live—and support their families?"

"That is a question," he conceded. "Poor devils, they must be up against it. Lawrence," he ordered as they stepped into the car, "now drive us out to the new house."

Exteriorly the mansion was finished. Simple and unpretentious, yet, at the same time, faultless in style, in proportions, in lines, in every minutest detail, it had an air of dignity, strength, repose. Its setting back among the age-old oaks and elms of Como Place was perfect; there wanted only the warm breath of spring to drive away the snow and frost and allow the completion of the scheme of lawns, hedges, vines, and shrubs.

Father Casey walked back a little seeking the most favorable viewpoint and stood looking with frank admiration at the beautiful home. Simon was pleased to note how well the priest appreciated the exquisite good taste of the building. He was about to call attention to certain features, when a man in clean working clothes stepped up to him, lifted his hat, and said eagerly:

"Mr. Simon, couldn't you possibly give me a job of some kind? I have—"

The manufacturer was indignant at being approached in this manner.

"I am not the hiring clerk," he replied haughtily and turned on his heel.

The stranger persisted: "Anything, Mr. Simon, no matter what it is. I am desperately in need of work."

"This is private property." Simon said these words loud enough to reach the ears of an alert private watchman, who began to walk rapidly toward them.

A flush of shame and anger spread over the workman's face; he turned back to the street.

"He looked like an honest man," Father Casey remarked; "it may be a hungry family drove him to this unconventional way of trying to find employment."

Simon sensed a hidden reproof in what the priest said. He called the watchman and handed him a five-dollar bill.

"Go after that man. Give him this. Tell him we are sorry, but we cannot take on any workmen."

Before they had reached the door, the watchman was back with the money.

"He refused it, sir—said he was not begging, but looking for a chance to earn his living."

The front door opened immediately upon a great tiled hall. Father Casey could not restrain an exclamation of delight. Everything seemed so big and hearty, so generous and hospitable: the black rafters, the deep window seats, the broad stair of hewn oak, the massive fireplace.

* Workmen were busy setting the fixtures of hammered brass and iron.

"Now, Father, let me show you the dining hall, butler's pantry, kitchen, and servants' quarters. I consider our arrangement almost perfect. If this shortage of employment continues, we may hope to get servants who will do an honest day's work and not be so impertinent

and independent." Then he called to the overseer: "Hyatt, are the plasterers working out there?"

"Yes, sir." The man approached and said in a lower tone: "I am getting real service on that plastering job, Mr. Simon. Every day plasterers come here looking for work, and so I can be mighty particular about the men I hire and about the way they put in their time." He chuckled with satisfaction and passed on to inspect the plumbing.

"What do you think all these tradesmen do who cannot get work?" Father Casey inquired.

The manufacturer made a wry face: "For the luvva Mike, Father Tim, you are taking all the joy out of this visit by continually harping on what I think about men who are out of work. As a matter of fact, I'd rather not think about them at all. As a subject of thought I find it neither quieting nor consoling. I am always ready to do my share toward the Community Chest, the Charity Drive, or any other worthy movement for the relief of the suffering. Oh, yes, I know what you want to say: that they are not asking charity, they are asking the chance to earn an honest living, like our friend outside a few minutes ago. Well, I have no work to give them. So, that's that. Now, tell me what *you* think—about this house of mine."

"I think—" He paused and gazed about for a long time, an uncomfortably long time. "I think—that, when the communists seize this house, they will never dream of the value and charm nor even of the utility of much that it contains."

Ronald Simon paled ever so slightly. "Father Tim," he thundered; but his voice lacked the ring of conviction he wished to give it. "You know that is the wildest impossible nightmare. You know it is."

"I know nothing of the kind. I do know that in many different lands and many different centuries peaceable, industrious peoples have gone mad with communistic fever, murdered the rich and taken possession of their palaces and wrecked and wasted priceless treasures of art and architecture which they could not appreciate. I know, too, that it is not unusual for history to repeat itself."

"The common people have always come out of such orgies more miserable and destitute than they were before," the manufacturer said.

"But they do not remember that while under the spell of the demagogues who incite them to revolt."

"Our American people," Simon urged, "have far too much common sense to allow themselves to be hoodwinked by red demagogues."

"So long as they have work and wages, food, clothing, shelter, and a reasonable amount of recreation, yes. But give widespread unemployment, hungry children, fireless homes, desperate fathers, and how dangerously easy for American common sense to give place to communistic madness."

The rich man answered sullenly: "Well, when times are dull and markets are dead, I have no way of preventing unemployment and fireless homes and all that."

"It is your business to find a way. Even though you must at times shut down your factories, you may not shut off the supply of daily bread from your employees and their families. You just told me how much money you spend to keep your machines in good condition even while they are idle. Are not the men who operate these machines at least equally valuable? Are they not equally necessary for the running of your plants and the production of your wealth? Are they not at least equally deserving of your care even during a shutdown?"

"Look here, Father Tim, have I not always tried to help you in your work for the good of the people? You ought not be so hard on me."

"I am not hard on you. I am merely stating facts, and the facts are hard on you—and on all men like you. No, Ronald Simon, never have you refused when I asked you to help any good cause. I know this well and gratefully appreciate it more than words can tell. I know, too, though you do not boast about it, that you have practically built the new convent for the Nuns of Perpetual Adoration. But listen. Great as your merit is for all this, you would do unspeakably more for the good of the Church by keeping your factories constantly filled with contented, well-paid workmen than by building a dozen convents."

"How so?"

"Because, when the people have constant work and adequate pay, they can and do take care of their own needs, religious, charitable, and otherwise. Furthermore, by keeping your men employed and paying them well, you stave off communism and thereby render invaluable service to the Church. For communism, the betrayer of the people, invariably begins by attacking the Church, the true friend of the peo-

ple. The first thing the communists would do would be to seize those convents and turn them into dives or dance halls—or worse.”

“But, Father Tim, I repeat: we have no way of preventing unemployment.”

“And I repeat: it is your business to find a way. Let employers and employees get together and work it out.”

“Employees are so often unreasonable. Why, Father Tim, you have done enough building at St. Mary’s to know to your cost how tyrannical some labor unions can be the moment they get the upper hand.”

“Employees, like employers, are human beings, and, therefore, like employers, they are selfish, shortsighted, and unreasonable on many points. At the same time they are reasonable and fair in the main. They can be brought to accept a reasonable and fair proposition when it is properly presented. If labor unions have at times been unfair toward employers, was it not because employers took the stand of enemies instead of sympathetic and helpful cooperators?”

“I have never had time to make a thorough study of such things,” Simon said.

“You have found time to make a thorough study of all the other important aspects of your business: raw materials, production, marketing, financing, but no aspect is more important than this. Give it the attention and study it deserves.”

“Suppose even then I do not know what to do?”

“Suppose one of your managers would tell you he did not know what to do with the plant you gave him to run?”

Simon smiled, anticipating the outcome, but he showed himself a good sport and answered:

“I would tell him to get out and let somebody else take the job that was able to do it.”

“That is what God will tell you. You are not the absolute master of the wealth you control; you are simply God’s manager. He will not forever keep a manager who so bungles the job that the goods He had intended to be administered for the benefit of the many, are hogged by the few while the many suffer destitution for want of them.”

When a soul is entirely delivered to love, all its actions, even the most indifferent, are marked with the Divine seal.—*Little Flower*.

St. Gerard

WONDROUS PATRON OF MOTHERS

P. J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

On October 16, 1755, at almost midday, a Redemptorist lay brother died; one hundred and fifty-nine years later, St. Peter's in Rome was ablaze with lights and festivity as 250 prelates and 30 cardinals and about a thousand persons formed a great procession of escort for Pius X and the great basilica rang with the cry: "St. Gerard, pray for us." It was the official recognition of holiness—the final gesture of glorification as extended by the Church of Christ. Since that day flashes of power and light have come from that Saint, come in such number and quality that He may be termed in all truth a Powerful miracle worker of the age. Already in 1908 France and Belgium could boast over 400 altars erected to him; ever and anon booklets appear giving selections of favors and miraculous happenings which cover every country and quality of help. To ask the reason of this great power would be to probe into the inscrutable ways of God, but perhaps a clue may be found in an admission made by the saint at the threshold of heaven. "I have done all things for the love of God. I never lost sight of Him. I always desired only to do His Holy Will. And, because I always endeavored to walk before Him, I die in peace." This seems very much like the reason the Saint of Lisieau alleged.

When reading over the lists of favors that have been printed we see all conditions and countries, all manner of illness and trial represented. Yet St. Gerard seems to have a predilection for three kinds of subjects: Children preparing for Holy Communion and those wanting to make good Confession; those who seek decision as regards religious vocation; children in the womb of their mother. Here in America, although there are many cases of the two former, the last seems to loom up in importance and frequency. Innumerable cases could be cited from our Redemptorist parishes and others as well. But recently it was my happiness to come into contact with a case that seems to be quite miraculous. It happened in one of our larger cities. St. Gerard had been unknown to the parties concerned until I was informed of the hopelessness of the case. Naturally I suggested St. Gerard and volunteered to send them a relic of St. Gerard. The Saint proved to be

a helper in an almost impossible case. I quote from a statement given by a priest, a brother of the mother involved:

"Having lost her first baby, my sister was very, very sick before the second baby was born. For a period of nine weeks she vomited constantly. She was fed through the veins but was unable to retain even this feeding. Her strength was gone and the doctors had little hope for her recovery. At this time I received your relic of St. Gerard and gave it to her. The vomiting stopped immediately and her strength gradually returned. When it was time for the baby to be born she was in splendid condition and all seemed well until about five o'clock in the evening. At this time an unusual condition set in and in a short time developments became such that the doctors said they could save the life of neither the mother nor the child. Two specialists watched her closely until about seven-thirty P. M. at which time they decided on an operation with at best very doubtful results in view. At this critical moment—just as the doctors were preparing for the operation as a last resort—a normal birth set in. The baby was a strong, healthy girl weighing eight pounds nine and a half ounces. The mother, in splendid condition, was returned to her room. A nurse in the operating room at the time exclaimed: "This surely is a work of God and nothing else!" Forthwith the doctors angrily expelled her from the case and deprived her of the points or credits she had earned or would have earned on the case. This nurse was a Catholic; the doctors were not; neither were the other nurses, nor the hospital. I was at the hospital since seven o'clock that evening and know all of the above to be absolute truth, except, however, the affair of the Catholic nurse, and I have reason to believe this also to be true, as I know she was never returned to my sister's case." (Signed.)

This case speaks for itself and all those associated with God in the continuance of His work of creation will, I am sure, grasp the full significance of having such a powerful helper in so important an enterprise. Recently another case came to my notice. This time it concerned a baby girl ten days old who had been overcome by monoxide gas poisoning without the mother's or the nurse's being aware of it. The recovery of this child followed when the mother recommended her to St. Gerard and slipped the relic beneath the child's pillow.

Another case of quite another nature has recently come to hand although the affair happened some years ago. It concerns an old

mother, the mother of a priest, who had the habit of sticking her sewing needle on the front of her waist when she did her household work. One day she made pancakes and then sat down to lunch with her daughter. She took one bite of pancake and gave out a cry of pain, and a gasp, so that the daughter thought she would choke. Spitting and coughing and bleeding followed but she was unable to swallow. A scratch on the palate right down to the tonsils could be seen, but that was all. Foods were administered in an attempt to dislodge the choking object but all in vain. Two detailed medical examinations showed nothing. Four days later the pain became so great that the mother placed the relic of St. Gerard down her throat and relief followed, yet she could swallow only liquid food. That night the pain in the eyes and ears was so great that the relic was once more applied. At breakfast daughter and son tried to get her to swallow some solid food. The good old mother tried but ran to the sink and a choking spell followed that produced blood and pus. In her extreme distress she held the relic to her throat once more and immediately felt an object upon her tongue—a needle black as pitch but whole and entire. The needle had been lodged crosswise in the throat and had been imbedded in the tonsils. The mother had lost 20 pounds in that terrible week, but as the grateful correspondent says: "St. Gerard got it out even though we did have to wait a week." The doctor said it was beyond medical skill, even though he was a bit ashamed that he could not discover the cause of the trouble. And another remarkable feature of this case was that after the needle was dislodged, the doctor examined the throat and he could find no trace of where the needle had been.

And thus St. Gerard remembers his own. The above cases have been noted in gratitude and for the encouragement of others. Should any be interested, especially mothers, let them drop a card or note to the writer and a booklet will be sent to them, a courtesy made possible by a thanksgiving offering of the priest mentioned in the first case.

St. Gerard, honored by God with astonishing miracles, pray for us.

Wise men will not accept responsibility unless they are clothed with the authority which will enable them to live up to it.

Every fresh beginning is registered in heaven, and some day when it pleases God it will bring forth much fruit.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF GOLD

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

I

From the vantage point of a high hill overlooking the lake at its feet and the city clustered about its shores, a young man gazed out dreamily, surrendering himself to the spell of the midnight hour. The waves glinted like flashes of shifting gold beneath the slanting rays of the moon; it was just over the far horizon, and struck the lake through an opening between the trees, whose gentle swaying alternately blotted it out and projected it like a spotlight upon the rippling waters. Up on the heights where the lone figure half lolled in the darkness, one hand propped to his head, the breeze was quiet, warm, restful; below it could be heard swishing softly through the foliage of the wooded hillside.

Out of the swaying, jostling, laughing, congratulating, back-slapping crowds that swarmed in and out of the University Auditorium where the diplomas for the class of 1930 had just been bestowed, Norman Arnold, now Bachelor of Science of an hour's standing, had made his way. He had wandered along the winding asphalt driveway up between the various college buildings, until he finally reached the highest point in the vicinity, an elongated ridge at one end of which stood the little tower-like astronomical observatory, the other end of which was barren and well worn by the footsteps of many sightseers. There he had thrown himself down and given himself up to the dark but scenic landscape and his thoughts.

There was nothing indefinite about his thoughts. They carried him back into the past, to the remotest impressions of his boyhood life; they lingered around the present, with its recent signaling of his achievements; they darted forward into the future, not hesitatingly or uncertainly, but with the swift assuredness of one who knows exactly what he is going to do. For through all his thoughts of present, past and future, one purpose threaded its way, as the bright boulevard lights seemed strung together through the city off in the distance.

His father had, as it were, set up the first light in his life that gave purposeness to all his strivings. Norman remembered him well, and

the lesson he learned from him. A struggling tradesman, a small town dealer in home furnishings—he had slaved his life away in an effort to find happiness by placing himself above his business worries—by becoming rich, idle, successful, as the world measures success. A nervous, fidgety, middle-aged man, who always seemed to be saying: "When I finish this job in hand, I'll be fixed for life," but who never was. A disappointed man, who watched his home town grow into a city, and who officiated at the demise of his own established business before the encroaching department store corporations. He had had enough by that time to live in comfort for the rest of his days, but that was not the kind of happiness he wanted. He had fixed a goal for himself and had never attained it. Norman remembered him best as a dissatisfied old man.

It was not with any sense of aversion that he thought of him as such. Norman had loved his father, had learned his standards and objectives in life, and thought him fully justified in whatever dissatisfaction he displayed. In fact, he had taken up the struggle where his father had left off, and was determined that he should be vindicated in the success and happiness of his son. Success meant one thing for father and son alike—it meant becoming rich, exclusive, idle, and, therefore, as they thought, happy. And the backbone of the means to attain this goal was drummed into Norman by his determined father as education.

"I never had an education," his father had said often. "Look at me now. There's no chance for you without it. They've got me coming and going—these big business hawks, with their degrees and diplomas and what not. I can't keep up with them. But you'll do it, son," he would add, putting a hand on Norman's shoulder. "I didn't get where I wanted to. You can't be happy, you know, without more money than I ever made, but I got enough to give you the best education to be gotten, and you'll get what I didn't, see?"

"You bet, dad," Norman would reply, and out of a sort of dogged loyalty, with a kind of deliberate narrowness that prevented him from acknowledging any other objective or any other means to happiness, he had clung to the one ancient paternal ideal. Education—work—success—money—happiness. That was the process as it formulated itself in his mind. He would check off each step in the progress as

he went along. Tonight he placed a mental check beside the concept "education."

So, as he looked out over the shadowy vista from the hilltop, he thought earnestly of his future. All the world lay at his feet, symbolized by the quiet and scattered town. He had only to dash out and conquer it. Every good thing in life, that is, everything others considered good, was to be incidental only, or to be indulged only after the acme of success was reached. His father had failed to reach his goal in life, and had enjoyed nothing—been happy never; the son would first reach the goal and then enjoy everything. Straight for the bright lights in the heart of the city he would travel; the tiny flickering lights about its outskirts would not attract him or divert him from the way.

Thus had he acted with regard to the one romance that had already come into his life. He thought with pride of how he had disposed of it, though he wondered even while he thought, what was the meaning of the little twitch that went through his heart.

He had known Marian Bradley from childhood; had gone through high school with her; neither had ever "gone out" with anyone else. Naturally the talk went around that they would some day be married; no one would have been surprised had the news of such an event come out suddenly at any time. Perhaps even Marian had taken it for granted.

One evening, however, while he was at home in his junior year, they had held a conversation something like this:

"It's this way, Marian," said Norman, "I like you. I always did. But I've made up my mind not to tie any girl down till I've gotten some place in life. (Clever, he thought, to put it that way. Rather making himself out a victim, for her sake.) So I just wanted to tell you that I won't be thinking of settling down for a long time, and if you—if you want to go with anybody else, or if—if I'm not around very much, you'll not feel hurt or anything." It had been rather difficult to say this last, he remembered. Her serious eyes had looked unusually troubled, and there had been a strange little twitching of her dimpled chin that made him turn away lest he recall his words. And she had found it distressingly hard to answer him.

"Oh—I don't—I haven't thought about it that way," she said. "But Norman, don't you know that you can't—you can't—" She had never finished that sentence, but had abruptly changed the subject. "Let's

go home, Norman," she had said, briskly. "It's late." And all the way home he had valiantly fought off the desire to take back his words and take Marian in his arms. He was glad now he had conquered his desire. He might have the chance to leap many of the obstacles to his appointed goal by a fortunate marriage. All sentiment to one side; it would be unfortunate in such an eventuality to be already tied down. Such a mistake in early life would be unpardonable.

The sound of distant laughing voices came to him on the breeze. Exhilaration filled his soul at the sound, and its association with the night's high achievement. Then the sound died away slowly. The stillness suddenly made him lonely. And in the loneliness he thought no more of his father nor of Marian, but suddenly another figure appeared before him, dimly outlined but soft as a wraith, uncertain of form and figure, but sacred as only a long-lost memory can be. It was the figure of his mother, who had been lost to him when he was only a boy, whose patient, forbearing, cheerful personality had always, somehow, offset the futile complainings of his father. The memory was too dim to change his life; it was only real enough to trouble him vaguely. It troubled him now.

The words that Marian had begun to speak seemed to come to him from the lips of his mother there in the darkness. "Why, you can't—you can't—" She vanished. "You can't what?" he asked of the darkness, but there was no answer. Some day, perhaps, he would ask Marian to finish the sentence for him.

The breeze grew chilly. The lights in the town were fewer and more ghostly. The silence was heavy. He arose and shook off his dreamy mood and strode back to his rooms.

II

The North Central Traction Company had taken Norman Arnold to its steely heart. It had required very little time to recognize in him the singleness of purpose—the utter lack of conflicting interests that would render him a valuable asset to its progress. He had risen rapidly in a few years. He was now personal secretary to one of its chief administrators.

As for Norman himself, he had followed out two principles which carried him well on his way to success. He had devoted himself all along to business alone, and he had attached himself to a man in whom he seemed to see the ideal of what he himself was striving to become.

Malcolm Brandt, vice-president, large stockholder, and efficient manager of the North Central Traction Company's affairs, was a worthy model of the kind Arnold had set out to imitate. He, too, was a graduate of the State University; he, too, had set right to work at the finish of his schooling; he had risen rapidly by strict attention to business; he was rich; no one would estimate to what extent; he was enviably idle, never appearing at the office for more than a few hours a day, and often not at all. Lastly, he was presumably happy—as happy as a man might be. He was Arnold's hero, model and inspiration.

Brandt allowed a sort of patronizing familiarity to grow up between himself and the efficient, bright young man who so evidently worshipped him, and who had become the most reliable secretary he had ever had. He had given him little business hints and suggestions that were treasured as maxims and followed strictly; he had a way of confiding business secrets that almost turned Arnold's head with pride and exultation. But he had scarcely ever put aside the business front and become personal.

It was not unusual for the executive to call his secretary to his home of an evening for the purpose of going over important matters with him before leaving town for some reason or another. These visits were, like everything else, on a purely business basis; but the glimpses Arnold got of the Brandt residence and mode of life only intensified his determination some day to be like his employer.

One evening such a call was made for him and he answered it with his usual alacrity. A servant led him into Brandt's study, and he was somewhat startled to find him there, seated before the table with his legs spread apart, one hand on either knee, his face flushed and heavy and sullen, a half emptied bottle of liquor uncorked beside a glass before him. He was a rather large man, but every feature of his countenance, every member of his body had always borne, in Arnold's eyes, the stamp of dignity. He was anything but a picture of dignity now.

He was not drunk. He was not even muddled. Arnold could tell at a glance that he had been drinking to forget something that was on his mind, and that that something had been stronger even than drink. It held him in its power still though the liquor had dimmed his eyes and allowed him to grow disheveled in appearance.

"Sit down," he said without moving, "and look at me." Arnold

complied, almost frightened. "Have you ever loved a girl?" he went on, boring him with his eyes.

Arnold almost gasped his astonishment. "Why, er—no—" he hesitatingly replied when he found his voice, "except perhaps with a young man's fancy, and that sort of thing." He was trying to make light of the matter, but his bewildered appearance belied his effort.

"A young man's fancy, eh? Yes, that's what I thought once upon a time. Business before pleasure and all that rot, eh? Don't tie yourself down. Get ahead first—get to the top before you fool around with anything else."

Arnold sat mute. The man was reading his mind, or was it his own? He wondered. He felt himself to be on the verge of a calamity—a double tragedy that was to blast both their lives.

Brandt reached suddenly for a newspaper and extended it to him. "Read that," he said, enigmatically. "She's dead."

He looked at the paper. There were pencil marks around a short article about the center of the page. It told of the death of a certain Mrs. James Brady, who had died of injuries received in an automobile accident. Arnold was mystified. Brandt enlightened him.

"That's the girl I loved," he said harshly. "Threw her over because she wasn't good enough for the position I intended to occupy. She married somebody else, and was happy. But I wasn't. Never was. Won't ever be." He poured out a drink and taking it at a gulp, threw the glass against the fireplace. "All this," he went on, sweeping the room with a gesture, "is hell, because it isn't what I thought it was."

After a heavy pause his manner changed. He seized the paper from Arnold's hands and put it to one side.

"Let's get down to business," he said. Arnold started out of the terror of his thoughts. Business! Was the man going to talk business while his mind was in a raving mood? Was he himself going to be called upon to mull over figures when he wanted to get out into the cool air and think—think of this shattering of his idols that had just taken place? Brandt had already opened the books and had drawn his chair over beside Arnold's. In short quick sentences he told him what he wanted done. A general checking up of recent ventures and expenditures, of future plans and intentions. A balancing of his books against an investigation by the firm. It was as though he was about to walk out and wanted to leave everything in order.

Finally he arose. "Now get to work," he said. "Get all these things down so you will know and can point out just where we stand. I'm going out for a walk. You'll see me later." Without further explanation he walked not unsteadily from the room.

Arnold's training stood him in good stead. He resolutely put his troubled thoughts from his mind and set to work—silently, doggedly, while the minutes and hours passed. At every recurring memory of the scene with his employer he shook his head sternly and labored on.

At last he leaned back and sighed. He was almost finished. It was just then that he heard the door bell ringing and shortly after the mumbling of voices in the hall. They were coming his way. A vague apprehension seized him and he sat perfectly still. Finally he saw with staring eyes the blue coats of officers entering at the door, and between a burden that they were carrying. It was the body of Malcolm Brandt. "You'll see me again," were the last words that had been spoken between them; Arnold knew their significance now.

"Suicide," said an officer curtly, when he had spoken to Arnold, when he had spoken to him and ascertained who he was. "Killed himself at a wake. Rotten commotion for the family of the deceased." He passed from the room with those who carried the body, led by a servant.

Arnold stood with one hand to his forehead. He was dazed—bewildered—helpless. Then the words shot threw his mind like telegraphic flashes—the words that had been there before with but one little change: Education—work—success—money—suicide. So this was how it ended! Even his father had not come to this!

There was no sleep for Norman Arnold that night. Instead he sat gazing out of a window at the scattered lights of the large city, trying to piece together from the view some other pattern than that which he had arranged for himself on the night he had taken his degree.

III

"Marian," said Arnold, "I want to ask you a question."

He had come back to the city of his birth, fleeing from the work that had formerly been his all engaging interest—because of the bitter disillusionment that had followed on the death of Brandt. He had come back especially to Marian, who, it seemed to him, had not changed or altered, even in her attitude toward him. They were friends again.

Only one thing had prevented him from proposing to her at once.

He was ashamed of himself—certainly. But more than that, he had lost confidence in himself, in his ability to plan out his own life, to say nothing of drawing someone else into his plans. He had gone along so self-confidently before that his awakening left him helpless.

They were walking together along a sheltered country road that ran between a row of leafy maple trees on one side and the river that flowed out from the town on the other. It was evening. They had abandoned their car near the highway in order to enjoy the rustic twilight beauty more completely.

"Yes?" returned Marian quizzically. "I used to think you were quite capable of answering all your questions for yourself." She smiled roguishly at the stab.

"You mean I used to think I was. Well, I don't any more. I'm in a mental mess, to be exact. I don't know what to think, so I'm going to start learning all over."

"Well, what was the question?" asked Marian, as they sat down on a grassy ridge beside the river. Norman was idly pulling up long blades of grass and reaching out to toss them upon the water. He was watching them slowly floating out into the current when he spoke again.

"Do you remember the night I told you I wasn't going to tie you down—that I wouldn't have time for you any more?" He grimaced at the pain of the admission but did not spare himself.

Marian's eyes were far away. "Yes," she said.

"Well, you didn't seem to understand me. There was something on your mind—something you began to say but didn't finish. What was it?"

"Oh, that. Yes, I remember. I was only going to tell you what you have just recently learned for yourself. That money never makes people happy—nor success. I had seen both, and their results on people. You know it now, better than I could have told you."

"You bet I do. But listen, Marian. The question I'm trying to answer now is, what is the secret of happiness? I was wrong once. If I try again for it, I might find myself wrong again, this time probably at my own expense. I've been looking around now at other people and it's all a muddle to me. People live for money. I can see lots of them now, and when they get it they kill themselves unless they've got something else. They live for love, and almost every other seem-

ingly happy marriage ends in divorce or worse. They strive and slave till they become famous, and then any number of them become sour and pessimistic and misanthropic. Yet some people are happy and contented. What's the secret? That's what I want to know now, before I make any more blunders."

The darkness was falling rapidly. There was a hushed silence after Arnold's fervent appeal. Marian broke it softly.

"Yes," she said slowly, "some people are happy. I have seen it. Long ago I decided to learn the secret as you have determined now. I think I am just beginning to do so now."

"What is it?" Arnold asked quickly.

She shook her head. "I don't know it well enough myself to tell you," she said; "I am only learning. But even if I did know it, or if I ever will, I hardly think that I should tell you. It is something that seems to me to have infinitely more value when it is learned by oneself. Do you think you can find it out?"

"If you could find it," he said, "I will, too. I had a mother once—long, long ago—and I think she was happy, though as yet I don't know how she could be. I'll get to work until I find her secret—and yours, Marian."

It was almost dark. They arose and began to walk back to the car, few words being spoken between them. Half way there he stopped, turned about and faced her, saying:

"And when I find it out, there will be another question I will ask of you. It will be one that you will be able to and will have to answer."

She gave him a smile for an answer. He did not see her tears.

Let us beware of change lest, under the pretense of more perfect service of God, we do but distrust His providence and gratify self-love.

We lead but one life here on earth; we must make that beautiful. And to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes those must be avoided.—*Longfellow*.

Our lives will become brighter, happier and more meritorious, if we take the trouble to dedicate and consecrate all our actions to Almighty God by purity of intention.

From a Priest's Diary

C. J. WARREN, C.Ss.R.

"Who has the early Mass tomorrow?" Bernard, the colored sexton and sacristan, was talking. He always put things away after services, and you never saw better order in any sacristy, even if Bernard was a man, for somehow men have an unenviable reputation in this respect.

Then Bernard would come for orders. There were eight priests in the house at the time, counting the missionaries, and though he never wrote anything (I don't think Bernard could write), he made a mental memorandum of the priests and the Masses they were to say the next day, and he was never known to miss. You could retire at night without the least anxiety about the morning for Bernard was certain to call you in good time. The strange thing about it is this, Bernard scorned the services of an alarm clock. His guardian angel was his alarm clock, and "dat clock neber get out of order," he would say.

Everything in Bernard's life seemed to be an act of love for God. "Nothing is too good for de Lawd," he would say. His faith in the Blessed Sacrament was really touching. Before retiring at night he would go into the sanctuary where the tiny flickering light was casting its shadows, and he knew there was no one present but himself and his Lord. Then he would kneel down on the lowest step and pray with outstretched arms. It was there, lying prone on the altar steps, that Bernard was found one morning, dead.

When the mission was over the good old pastor insisted on giving the missionaries an outing. "Have you ever seen Mt. Vernon?" he said. "No! Well let's take a trip down there. I'm sure you'll enjoy it very much." So we went to Mt. Vernon, the far-famed home of the immortal Washington.

Mount Vernon is in Fairfax County, Va., on the right bank of the Potomac, fifteen miles below Washington, D. C. The original name of the estate was Hunting Creek and it contained about 800 acres. When it came into possession of Lawrence Washington, the brother of George, he changed the name to Mount Vernon, in honor of Admiral Vernon of the British Navy. The house is of wood, and erected on a bluff 200 feet above the river. It is a two-story house, 96 feet long and 30 feet deep. The main part was built by Lawrence Wash-

ington in 1743 and the wings were added by George Washington, into whose possession the estate came at the death of his brother in 1752. In 1859 the house and 200 acres of land around it was bought by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. The purchase money, \$200,000, was raised in great part by Edward Everett. Since then the Association has restored the house as nearly as possible to what it was in the lifetime of George Washington. A high piazza extends along the front of the house, and the six rooms on the ground floor contain many objects of historical interest connected with the life and times of Washington. The key of the French Bastille, the furniture used by the family, the tiles of the piazza brought from the Isle of Wight, and many other relics are objects of attraction to visitors. In the garden are a number of trees and a beautiful boxwood hedge planted by Washington himself. In the coach-house near by is his carriage. The room at the south end of the first floor is the one in which Washington died. In 1831 his body was removed from the old family vault to a tomb built of plain brick and standing near a wooded ravine a short distance from the house. Behind an iron grating may be seen the two sarcophagi which contain the remains of George Washington and his wife Martha.

It was our good fortune to fall in with a Catholic gentleman who had charge of the greenhouse and gardens on the estate. Had it not been for him we would have missed some objects of special interest, and as for items of information, he seemed brim full of them. He took great pleasure, he said, in reading accounts of the old estate, its origin and development, as also the people of note who had visited there in old colonial days. "Prominent people still come, not to mention yourselves," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

"Sometime ago a rather distinguished looking group paid us the honor of a visit. Three men and three women formed the party, and they were all keenly alert to see and hear everything about the place. As we walked along the pathway skirting the boxwood hedge, one of the women stooped down and picked up a pair of beads. "Hello, here's a discovery," she said jokingly. "Is this one of the objects of interest at Mount Vernon?" "Let's see it," chimed the others. The gentleman, who appeared to be the leader of the party, ventured this information: "Some of those superstitious trinkets that Catholics adore—see the cross on the end. They think it will save them from the infernal regions." There was a titter from the other members of the group.

"Pardon my interruption," said the Catholic gentleman, "did I understand you to say that Catholics are superstitious?" There was a sudden hush. Evidently they were taken aback. With an apparent effort to seem at ease the man first to speak replied: "Why, yes, my friend; I was just commenting on this string of beads evidently dropped by some deluded Catholic."

"You won't mind my saying that I'm one of those deluded Catholics."

"Are you, indeed?" they asked with evident astonishment. "Pardon our seeming insult. We really meant no offense. You surely do not belong to the ordinary run of Catholics—the Romans!"

"Yes," he replied, "the ordinary rank and file. But now I'm not offended at what you say, because I feel that if you knew us better, you would be more kindly disposed toward our religion. Our Catholic teaching and practices are much misunderstood. For instance, these beads you speak of—they are not an object of adoration. Catholics adore God only. They revere the Mother of Christ as the best of all God's creatures but they do not adore her. Now these beads are what we call the rosary, a devotion to Our Lord and His holy Mother. On each bead we say a prayer, either the Our Father or a Hail Mary. At the end of a decade or ten we recite a doxology or prayer of praise to the Holy Trinity. While saying the prayers we try to think of different events in the life of Christ and His Blessed Mother—sometimes the joyful, sometimes the sorrowful, sometimes the glorious. So you see they are just an aid to recollection. We call it a rosary which means a wreath of roses. Prayers are mystic roses or spiritual flowers entwined into a garland for the brow of heaven's beautiful queen. You may be surprised to know that this devotion was recommended by the Immaculate Mother of God herself, when she appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes. Of course, you have heard of the wonders of Lourdes?" Yes, they had seen something about them in the papers now and then and the miracles seemed well authenticated. "Just how they happened, of course, is not quite certain," someone remarked.

"However, we thank you for your courtesy in explaining this matter. It is all new to us. If anyone can believe that the Virgin Mary is the Mother of God, it seems quite reasonable to have devotion to her. We were not brought up that way."

"We parted on friendly terms," said our Catholic guide, "and one

of the gentlemen afterwards wrote me a letter thanking me for my courtesy, and added that he thought if he could have met more intelligent Catholics in his day, he would not be so ignorant of things of such vital interest to them."

"Speaking of the rosary," I said, "an interesting experience came to my notice not long ago."

In a little parish at Il——, in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers, there was a fine Catholic family, father, mother and fourteen children. Their home life was everything one could desire—thoroughly Catholic in its atmosphere. The old folks were kind but firm in dealing with the children, and no sons or daughters ever profited more by the Christian training they received. Respectful obedience toward their parents, together with kindness and courtesy toward one another made their simple life very happy indeed. There was never a service in Church but what some members of the family were there. The boys could always be depended upon to serve the priest at Mass or Benediction. The girls considered it a privilege to sing in the choir.

A Protestant young lady came to the village to be employed in a silk mill near by. It was her good fortune, or should I not say it was providential as the sequel will show, that she found board and lodging with the Catholic family.

Now in this home there was a rule, seldom dispensed with, that all the household be present for the rosary said aloud every night. The young boarder would retire to her room while the others were praying. But she could distinctly hear the words they were saying, and after awhile she found herself, almost unconsciously, repeating the words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." One night the family was agreeably surprised when the young lady asked if she might join them in saying their prayers. Of course, leave was gladly given. It was not long after that she expressed a desire to meet their priest. Very soon she was under instruction and in due time received into the Church.

In discussing the affair with her friend she said: "There was a time when angry feelings arose in my heart. Why should cruel fate have taken me from my home? It was poor, no doubt, but still my home. Why should I be cut off from the sweet intercourse of those I loved, and thrust out into a heartless world to live among strangers, and earn my livelihood by long hours of fatiguing labor?"

"That was the dark background of the picture but fortunately it had its lights as well as its shades. The clouds had rolled away, and the sun was shining through. Murmurs of discontent had given place to expressions of gratitude. How kind was the loving Providence that led me into this Catholic home! How good of the Blessed Mother to obtain for me the grace of conversion! How happy I am with my new-found friends. And above all, how blessed I am in the possession of the truth that makes me free!"

She had read somewhere, and now she found it to be true, that life is like a piece of tapestry in the weaving. Often we see only the reverse side with its disordered threads running awry. But the doings of our daily life are being shaped into a beautiful design which the Divine artist will reveal in His own good time.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

"How could I speak to her—I wasn't introduced to her!" Probably this explains the dearth of Catholic readers for Catholic literature. People are not introduced to Catholic literature. Father Talbot, in *America*, makes some very pertinent remarks on this subject:

"If all the former students of Catholic colleges and high schools, who were taught the comfort of reading a good book and who experienced the entertainment to be derived from an interesting book, were to be counted on as readers of contemporary Catholic books, then we would have a Catholic reading public that was not disgracefully small and a body of Catholic authors who could support themselves. But the students have not been told about the Catholic authors by their professors.

"It might be suspected even that the professors were not themselves keeping up with contemporary Catholic books. But they surely must know, even though they don't tell their students, that there is a good series of essays just out by Chesterton, or Ronald Knox, that Owen Francis Dudley has just published a tremendously interesting novel, that James B. Connolly is the author of some sea yarns that are worth being garnered into a brand new edition, that D. B. Wyndham Lewis' latest biography is even better than the one which the Literary Guild chose.

"Notes like these should not be kept back from the students by the knowing professor."

St. Louis, King of France

A HERO OF CHRIST

A. H. CATTERLIN, C.Ss.R.

St. Louis' victory at Damietta was as brief as it was brilliant. But from thence until his death trials came from every source. His own brother, Count of Artois, caused him the greatest anxiety. His constant disobedience, his insulting language toward the leading Knights and Commanders, resulted in unending trouble. Louis loved his brother, Robert of Artois, with a deep affection. Robert was brave unto rashness, but Louis knew that no truer Knight wore the Cross of the Crusade. Hence, Louis thought it were sufficient to exact an oath from the fiery young Prince, an oath taken on the Gospels that he would not let his valor outrun his discretion, nor attack the enemy without the command of Louis himself.

The elite of the French cavalry were in the van on the march toward Cairo. A bitter dispute arose between Robert of Artois and William of Sonnac, Grand Master of the Templars. It was February 8, 1250. The Mussulmans offered battle at Mansourah, twenty leagues from Damietta, on the right bank of the Nile. There was promise of brilliant victory. But again Robert of Artois brought disaster to the well-laid plans of Louis. Robert was determined to attack at once. William of Sonnac, an old and seasoned veteran, insisted on obeying the King's command and await the coming of the King and bulk of the army. "At all events," said William, "it is to the Templars that the King has assigned the front rank on the march, and Count Robert's place is behind them." Robert turned to the Grand Master and said that if he was a coward, he could remain behind. "Neither I nor my brethren are cowards," said William of Sonnac. "If the King were here he would command to protect you even in this rash adventure. If you go to the attack, we will go with you, but greatly I doubt whether any of us will return." Then William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and chief of the English Crusaders, begged Robert to await the coming of the King. The bitter insults of the Count brought tears to the eyes of these brave warriors. In a frenzy of anger, William Longsword cried out: "Count Robert, I shall face danger and death without any fear, and we shall soon be in a place where you will not venture to come near the tail of my horse."

Immediately the cavalry of the French attacked the mounted Mussulmans. In the very first shock the Mussulmans retreated so swiftly that their Arab horses seemed scarcely to touch the earth as they galloped back to camp. "They go very quickly," said Robert, "but we will soon overtake them." And so the exasperated leaders joined with the fiery young Prince in hot pursuit of the fleeing Saracens. On and on, through tents of the Saracen outpost, and even through the camp, even through the very gates of Mansourah. But when these heavy gates closed loudly behind them they realized that they were trapped. There was nothing for it but to sell their lives as dearly as possible. For six hours a hand-to-hand conflict went on through the narrow streets, where there was not room to turn a horse, or wield a lance, where on all sides dark faces scowled and scimitars and javelins gleamed. The crusaders entered Monsourah at ten in the morning and by three in the afternoon only two were alive. Salisbury had fallen at the hour when in far-off England his mother in prayer saw his soul soar aloft to Heaven. His men-at-arms lay thick around him and at his feet lay his standard bearer, Robert de Vere, with the flag of England wrapped tightly around his body. Robert of Artois, after nobly repairing his headstrong rashness by prodigies of valor, was crushed beneath the ruins of the hut where he and his party were entrenched.

On the First Friday of Lent the whole Saracen army attacked the French. Though Louis was again victorious, his army was so weakened in numbers and in health, that the idea of marching on to Cairo had to be abandoned. The Crusaders entrenched themselves on the battlefield. Fevers and dysentery were the outcome of the tainted sultry air, putrid water, and the unwholesome fish that formed their staple diet. Louis did all in his power for the well-being of his companions, attending to the sanitary conditioning of the camp, and bringing to each sufferer relief and encouragement.

"Am I not their King and father?" he would say to those who sought to prevail upon him to give up such arduous tasks. "They have never spared themselves in my service, and shall I mind a little risk in theirs, while they are lying helpless and disconsolate?"

His very presence brought joy and peace to the dying. His sick servant, Gaugelm, cried out as St. Louis approached his bed: "Now, O Lord, Thou mayest recall me to Thyself, mine eyes have again beheld the glory and the hope of France."

But there came a day when Louis could no longer drag himself on his charitable rounds, for he was stricken, too, with the malady.

The saintly King humbly bowed to the decrees of Divine Providence, and to spare his soldiers unnecessary and protracted suffering, he sent Philip de Montfort to treat for a truce with the envoys of the Sultan.

Among the terms decreed by the Sultan, it was stipulated that Louis should remain a prisoner and a hostage in his hands.

Louis, the hero of Christ, was quite ready to release his brave comrades from their present cruel straits at the cost of his personal liberty.

"I shall set out tomorrow," he declared. "It is the duty of a King to sacrifice himself for the welfare of his people."

This his followers would not allow him to do. They said it were degrading to the very name of France to have their Sovereign a prisoner in the hands of the infidel.

It was now decided to break up camp and return to Damietta. The seriously sick were placed in boats, but Louis could not be induced to travel in this comparative comfort. His place was on horseback in the rear, the post of danger and hardship in a forced retreat. He was not fit to endure the weight of the helmet but his sword still flashed in his feeble hand. Again the great soul of Louis was severely tried by the treachery of one of his knights.

As the noble King lay sick unto death in a hut in the little village of Minieh, unable to proceed with his retreat to Damietta, word was brought to Philip de Montfort that the Emir empowered to negotiate was stationed a few miles away. St. Louis immediately sent de Montfort to negotiate according to the original treaties. The Emir readily agreed to the former plans. In pledge of his good faith his jeweled turban was in the act of being exchanged for the ring on de Montfort's finger, when suddenly a treacherous and dastardly cry was heard spreading consternation in the Christian ranks. A villainous knight named Marcel pushed to the front and shouted: "Sir Knights surrender, it is the King's command! His life and ours depend on your obedience."

There was nothing to do but obey. They were entirely deceived. They thought this knight had just come from the bedside of their King. Hot tears of humiliation drenched the cheeks of these brave knights. A crafty smile stole over the features of the cunning Emir as he said:

"It is useless to make any treaties with men who are already my prisoners. Messire de Montfort in your quality of ambassador you are free to depart. Go, tell the King of the French what you have just seen and heard."

When Louis heard how treacherously his army had been delivered into the hands of the Saracens, for a moment a mighty torrent of anger strove to overmaster him. But the grace of God reigned in that faithful heart. Humbly he bowed his head and uttered the most beautiful prayer that man can breathe to his God when he said: "Thy Will, my God, not mine!" When the Emir entered his tent to place upon him the chains and manacles of a prisoner again, Louis reverently said: "Welcome the Holy Will of God!" The servants of the Emir stripped King Louis of everything of value, even the greater part of his clothing and left him almost naked, loaded from head to foot with heavy chains. But never a sigh or a murmur escaped those royal and saintly lips.

Louis and his army were transferred to Mansourah. He was lodged apart from his Knights and counselors in a miserable hut. His mental sufferings were very great for he considered all the vicissitudes suffered by his men as the result of his own sins and unworthiness. The Emirs marveled at his faith and piety in the midst of tribulation. "If the Prophet," they said, "allowed any such misfortune to fall to our lot, we should unhesitatingly forsake his creed."

The Sultan on his part was baffled by the unruffled dignity of the captive King, and was often heard to murmur: "Never have I met such a heroic man." The Sultan sent skillful physicians to minister to the suffering Hero of Christ. And so courteously were their services acknowledged by Louis that the Sultan in appreciation sent fifty magnificent robes from his own wardrobe. But Louis very politely returned them with a message of thanks. He said: "I prefer my rags as a King of France and the Prisoner of Christ to the garments of luxury. I elect to suffer as do my poor soldiers." Louis also refused a sumptuous banquet where the chief grandees of the city were anxious to dine with Louis that they might study this marvelous Christian and King.

This refusal angered the Sultan exceedingly, and he spitefully threatened to send Louis in chains to the Caliph of Bagdad, who would either torture him to death or put him to labor among his common slaves. But Louis was immovable. The Sultan then swore, with

frightful imprecations, to place Louis in the bernicles, a species of stocks where the legs were violently stretched asunder and the small bones crushed and dislocated. "To increase the torture," adds Joinville, "the victim's legs, now terribly swollen, are again forced into the bernicles and cruelly broken a second time. And they tie the head down with the sinews of oxen, so that the victim has not even the relief of writhing."

At this time the Emirs who had acquired unbounded reverence for the noble and saintly King, intervened.

Shortly after this the Sultan, Malek Moadhem, was assassinated by his Emirs. Octai, chief of the Emirs, rushed into the tent of Louis, his sword still dripping with the blood of the slain Sultan. "I have just killed your enemy and ours. The Sultan that persecuted you is now no more. What will you give me for this service? St. Louis was silent. Octai came closer until the point of the bloody sword touched the breast of the King. "Make me a Knight," he shrieked, "or you are a dead man." Louis calmly answered: "I will never confer the sacred, Christian Knighthood upon an infidel. Get thee first made a Christian, and then I will see about making thee a Knight."

Astounded at this courage on the part of the French King, the murderer withdrew in silence

The favorite wife of the late Sultan was selected to rule over Egypt. The new Sultana, Sajareldor, was a ruler far more able than her royal husband. It was her policy now to get the French out of her kingdom. Accordingly she stipulated a handsome sum of indemnity money, and the return of all her captured cities. Half the ransom was to be paid at once before any prisoners were to be released. The French were likewise commanded to turn over to her all their engines of war, all of their armor and weapons, as well as all of their provisions.

Louis acceded to all this and preparations were made for the return of the Crusaders to France. The Emirs swore great picturesque oaths on this occasion, and they tried to make Louis swear in turn that, if he did not keep the articles of the treaty he should be reputed as one who denied his Baptism and his Faith, spit upon the Cross and trampled it under foot. But Louis would bind himself by no such blasphemous oaths, though his nobles assured him that the refusal would cost them all their heads. "Rather die a good Christian," he reminded them, "than live under the wrath of God, His Blessed Mother and the Saints."

Perceiving that St. Louis was not to be shaken by threats, the Emirs tried what pity could do. They seized on the Patriarch of Jerusalem, a venerable old man of eighty, and tied his wrists so tightly to a flagstaff that the blood spurted forth from his fingers. "Ah, Sire, Sire!" he shrieked in his agony, "swear boldly and I will take the sin on my own soul."

Charles of Anjou, and all the Barons present, joined their entreaties with his, but Louis stood firm. He said to his brother Charles: "I love you as my brother, and I am sore distressed at the sufferings of that venerable old man, but God forbid that a blasphemy should ever sully the lips of a King of France."

In France we have seen Louis the faithful servant of God amidst the riches and luxuries of a great court. In Egypt it was his fortitude that shone out so resplendantly. And now in Palestine he displayed the gentler, but equally heroic virtues of patience, humility and Christian love, in the land where they were first hallowed as characteristics of Our Divine Redeemer.

The refugees of Acre were still offering prayers for the deliverance of their Sovereign when the little flotilla of St. Louis hove into sight, flying the Cross and the Fleur-de-Lys. All the citizens hastened to the beach with shouts of gladness and jubilant welcome. Shortly after his arrival in Palestine, he was marching his army in a stony desert under a pitiless sun of scorching heat, when suddenly they came across a hideous and ghastly sight—the dead bodies stripped and blood smeared of two thousand Christians who had been slain by the Saracens some days previously. The holy King at once ordered a halt, and while the Papal Delegate consecrated a cemetery hastily marked out, the soldiers received orders to dig graves, and decently inter the remains of their murdered brothers in the faith. Such a command was received with repugnance; murmurs broke out, and in sundry instances obedience was refused. Then Louis leaped from his horse and lifted in his arms a putrid corpse. "Come my friends," he said, "you will not refuse a little earth to these martyrs of Jesus Christ." Nerved by his example the men worked with a will at the work of mercy which lasted nearly a week. The good King was the only member of the party who betrayed no symptoms of disgust, for the stench was so intense that the Papal Delegate died from its effects a few days later.

Louis encouraged as far as he could, pious pilgrimages to the Holy

Places, and himself prayed long at Cana, at Nazareth, and on the Mount of Transfiguration. One of the happiest days of his life was the day he spent at Nazareth, on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1251. The holy King alighted from his horse as the long white town came into view, and fasting and wearing a hair-shirt he walked praying most devoutly, through its streets and down its steps, tunneled in the living rock, which led to the crypt beneath the great Basilica. Here in the very room where Our Blessed Lady received the embassy of the Archangel Gabriel, he received Holy Communion, while his eyes swam in tears and his heart overflowed with heavenly joy.

Louis reached Carthage on July 17th. He traced with his sword the limits of his camp on the actual site of the ancient city. It was here that our Holy Patron was stricken with his last illness. It was the pestilence that had again broken out in his camp. As he lay on his sickbed word was brought to him of the death of the Papal Legate and of his dearly loved son, John Tristan.

The last illness of Louis was in strict accord to the rest of his life. No duty was left undone. Up to the eve of his death there were special and prolonged audiences granted to the envoys from the Greek Emperor, who wished to contract an alliance with France, and held out hopes of a return to the Catholic unity in allegiance to the See of Peter. Daily he held a loving talk with each of his children in turn. He arranged the details of the funeral of his dear son, John Tristan, and even of his own, and the provision for paying the few debts he owed. His tent became a house of prayer. His knights and soldiers delighted to come to his tent and kneel by his side as they performed their daily devotions. And now, as he lay dying, the sacred liturgy was his great consolation, and the snatches of the holy psalms that fell from his lips plainly told the tenor of his thoughts through the long hours when he lay motionless, his eyes closed or fixed lovingly on the crucifix beside his bed, while a holy and patient smile lit up his emaciated features.

On August 24th he received the Last Sacraments, and contrived, though with great difficulty, to rise from his bed and kneel on the bare ground for Holy Communion. That night he dozed at intervals and usually woke up singing snatches of an old French hymn: "Nous irons a Jerusalem." Next day at noon he entered into his agony. The serene smile that betokened his peace of soul never left his lips. His agony was spent, as he had previously arranged, on a bed of ashes in form

of a cross. "I will enter into Thy house," he murmured. "I will adore in Thy Holy Temple and I will confess Thy Name."

At three o'clock in the afternoon he breathed his last, and his dying words were: "Father into Thy Hands I commend my spirit."

Soon the curtains of his tent were lifted up so that the whole French army may prolong their farewell gaze on the emaciated features, smiling still in death. The sentiment uppermost in the hearts of his soldiers was aptly expressed by Goeffrey de Beaulieu, the Dominican priest whose sacred ministry had blessed and strengthened Louis to the very end: "For our departed King it is surely right to rejoice, weep as we may for France and the Church. At last, freed from all the mortal ills of this life, he reigns triumphant among the saints."

The King had left directions that his tomb was to be very plain and unadorned; but in this particular his wishes were disregarded. His monument inlaid with silver, soon became a shrine where pilgrims came to pray and where as his faithful friend Joinville says, "many and great miracles were wrought at his intercession."

The memory of the holy King was not suffered to grow cold in the hearts of his subjects, nor was it confined to one people, nor to one generation. Men of honor and prudence who had lived with him in intimacy, set themselves to enrich the world with the truthful records of his life. First we must mention William of Nangis, the Benedictine Chronicler of the Abbey of St. Denis. We have the Latin chronicles of Goeffrey de Beaulieu that were completed by another Dominican, William of Chartres. Both of the Friars had been with St. Louis at his death. There is another, Latin: "Life of My Lord, St. Louis," from the pen of the Franciscan, William of Pathus, who for eighteen years had been the confessor of Queen Margarite, and afterwards fulfilled the same duty to her daughter, Blanche, the pious consort of King Ferdinand of Castile.

Nor must we forget the good Sire de Joinville, who portrays for us the holy King as his Barons knew him, in his Book of St. Louis' Holy Words and Good Deeds, and again in his History and Chronicle of the Most Christian King, St. Louis.

Joinville was present at the Canonization of his beloved King, Louis IX, who was canonized twenty-seven years after his death by Pope Boniface VIII, in the year 1297.

Soon the curtains of his tent were lifted, and all the soldiers of his

army came to take a last, long farewell look at their beloved leader and King. There was deep sorrow in their hearts, for they loved him. Their love was based on that profound reverence they bore him for his unvarying justice, his bravery, for the brilliant purity and sanctity of his life. His life of fifty-five years had been full of sorrow. Those whom he loved best had hurt him most. (His greatest sorrow was caused by intense jealousy between his wife and his mother.) His barons had rebelled against him time and time again in spite of his great kindness, in spite of his absolute loyalty to duty. He had suffered many physical ills and great bodily pains. And now he lay dead in a far-distant country, led thither by the sacred desire of his heart to bring help and freedom to Christian captives, to save Europe from an invasion, and to give free access to pilgrims to the Holy Places where Our Saviour had lived, suffered and died.

When, in spirit, we look upon those still, cold features, and trace the lines of suffering on that noble face still smiling in death, what are the thoughts that are uppermost in our minds? In our hearts we say: "O blessed, thrice blessed were the sufferings, long and bitter, and the heavy, heavy crosses, O Louis, that you have endured for Christ. O how much better for you that you suffered, that you were humiliated, that you denied yourself, that you scourged your innocent flesh, that your prayers were perfect, that your penances were heroic."

(THE END)

THE ONLY CURE

To the great penitent author, J. K. Huysmans, a friend once came who was himself a convert, but who was still obsessed by certain scruples. He told Huysmans of his troubles.

"Do you believe," asked Huysmans, "that the priest before whom you kneel to tell your sins holds the place of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that He will pardon you in His name? Do you believe also that in the Mass the priest immolates Jesus Christ, and that the Host with which He communicates you is Jesus Christ Himself?"

"Yes," answered the other, "I believe all that."

"Very well, then," said Huysmans, "go to Confession and Communion, and all will arrange itself."



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

MARY AND THE SACRAMENTS

In the Litany of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, we pray: "That I may often and devoutly receive the Sacraments, come to my help, O loving Mother." We mean the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion.

Mary never received the Sacrament of Penance. She had no need. She was, by the grace of God, conceived without the stain of sin, in view of the high and holy office she was to hold, that of Mother of Jesus. Through all her life, no slightest stain ever darkened the white beauty of her soul. The human frailties that mar even the holy lives of God's saints are not found in her. "The Lord is with thee"—God dwelt ever in her heart and soul and reigned there—and her sweet personality developed ever brighter, nobler, holier, crowding out effectively every least will and wish that might be at variance with God's.

But none knew so well as she what an evil sin is. For none saw as she did, in the dark hours of Calvary, when she stood beneath the Cross, what sin did to our dear Savior. None understood as she did, because the nails that sin drove the Savior's Hands and Feet seemed to pierce her own, and the lance that drove through His Sacred Heart and drew forth the last drops that He longed to shed for our Redemption, seemed to cleave her own heart.

Then she understood her Divine Son's word: "If this is done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry?" If sin demanded such a price from the Son of God, what havoc must it have worked in the souls of men! And for our sake, with a Mother's tender love, she longs to keep us from sin and to help us to be freed from it when we fall.

She must love the confessional, for there she knows the weary load is laid aside and fresh start made. She must pray—pray ever—that the grace of God may touch the hearts of men unto true repentance. She must long to bring the fallen to the foot of the Cross in the Sacrament of Penance, that His Precious Blood might wash them free from all stains and impart new strength and courage.

For her Son's sake, too, Our Lord's, she must love the confessional. For she knew and knows that the greatest sorrow of Jesus in His Agony on the Cross must have been the apparent uselessness of all His sufferings and the lavish outpouring of His Blood for men. As she loves Him she must long to bring sinners to stand beneath the Cross and see through her understanding eyes the full evil of all sin, and she must yearn to gather all to the broken heart of the Savior. Only one thing can mend that heart that was broken for sin—repentant love.

Go to her, then, when you have had the misfortune to fall into sin; she will speak to you of Calvary and when your heart is softened to sorrow and new resolve she will tell you how she heard Him say: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." She saw His Blood trickle down the cross; she will ask Him to let one drop fall upon your soul.

And when you open the confessional door she will step aside, happy that now indeed you are with Jesus.

"That I may often and devoutly receive the Sacrament of Penance, come to my help, O loving Mother!"

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you for all the graces you have bestowed on me. And now I come to you with a most difficult problem; but I know that if it be the Will of God that this favor be granted, my prayer will be answered. I, therefore, promise to hear Holy Mass daily for a year and every week to have a low Mass said for the Poor Souls, and to spread devotion in your honor and have recourse to thee, dear Mother.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for the favor granted me, the return of my eyesight, and also for many other favors in my sickness. I promised to have a Mass said once a month in your honor and also to burn a vigil light every day.

"Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a series of favors in operations for appendicitis. Two of them were extremely serious; the third at least dangerous. Two persons were operated on successfully; the third died reconciled with the Church." (St. Louis.)

* * *

"My prayer to the Blessed Virgin has been continuous for over five years for the conversion of my brother. He had been away from the Sacraments for over twenty years. To make matters worse, he married a non-Catholic outside the Church.

"The favors granted to so many clients of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, and published at your church, aroused me at a time when I was getting discouraged and giving up hope of ever accomplishing what I so dearly desired.

"In October of last year (1929), Mary granted me the long-asked-for favor. My brother's wife became a ready and willing convert. Together did they kneel at the altar rail to receive their God in Holy Communion, they were married by the priest and received the Church's blessing to continue life under Mary's protection.

"Many thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for this." (St. Louis.)

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you publicly for all the help received from you during the past year. We have had great troubles and trials, but I have brought them all to you. Some have passed; and I pray that our business will be prosperous that we may pay our debts. I also ask for the conversion of one dear to us.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to offer up my thanks, dear Mother. About three weeks ago I requested that my husband would find work as he had been out of work for five months and things had begun to look pretty gloomy for us. On Monday of this week he went to work.

* * *

"Dear Father:—An automobile that was entrusted to our care was stolen. In our distress over such an embarrassment we turned to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. The day following the start of our Novena the car was recovered in perfect condition.

"Many thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help." (N. O.)

Catholic Anecdotes

WINNING HEAVEN

"I have read," writes L. Veuillot, the well-known French writer, "that once there ascended to heaven a little, unborn soul, which was permitted to enter immediately, without having undergone any fatigue, or shed a tear, or suffered a misfortune, or even done anything extraordinary.

"God assigned to it a very glorious place, and a murmur as of astonishment, passed through the assembly of the Saints.

"All looked toward the Guardian Angel who had borne up the little soul. The Angel bowed down before God, and obtained His permission to speak to the heavenly court, and from his lips, with a voice more gentle than the beating of a butterfly's wings, fell these words, which all heaven heard:

" 'This soul has always taken uncomplainingly its share of sunshine, of darkness, and of toil, and has never knowingly harbored any thought in which there was an offense against God.' "

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Frederic Ozanam, when broken by ill health, still gave all his effort, often at the cost of fearful pain, to the service of charity and Faith. What inspired him may be gleaned from his words, addressed one day to a gathering of young men. With eloquence born of deep feeling and conviction, he said:

"Every day our friends, our brothers, are exposing themselves to death as soldiers and as missionaries on the soil of Africa or before the palaces of the Mandarins in China. What are *we* doing meantime?

"Do you think that God has given it to some to die in the service of civilization and of the Church, but to others the task of living with their hands in their pockets or lying on a bed of roses?

"Ah! Gentlemen, fellow laborers in the field of science, Christian men of letters, let us show that we are not cowards enough to believe

in a division of labors which would constitute a charge against the God who arranged it, and a disgrace to ourselves if we accepted it. Let us prepare to prove that we, too, have our battlefields, where sometimes one can even die."

Our battlefields are our ordinary lives. To do our duty there—hour by hour—to live up to our Faith and prove loyal to Our Lord in all our dealings and problems, may well be harder than dying a quick death. But that is the heroism that God asks of us. Let us prove that we are not cowards.

NATURE'S REPLY

Father Lalande, S.J., in *La Verite*, a Catholic journal of Quebec, explained the Catholic doctrine on the evil of birth control. He considers it from the viewpoint of natural law.

"The first law to condemn these outrages comes from nature. Everyone knows it; it is not written, but is inherent in the very soul of man. Nothing can silence it. Even the intelligence, stooping to the service of the senses, and seeking to find a loophole of escape, cannot abolish it.

"Louder than desire and more firm than fear, the law declares: 'It is forbidden.'

"And if you would hear me speak in living flesh and blood, listen to the reproach of a young wife in despair before the body of her only son. She said:

"My husband, I knew that it was evil and that we should have to pay! You said to violated nature: 'Only one child!' Today justice replies: 'None!' There is the stain of blood on our guilty desires. It reddens our lives. In this room there are two criminals. I see one in your eyes, and you find the other in mine; and when the horror of it does not stop my ears, I hear the desperate outcries of my little ones who were not allowed to be born!'"

He who runs away from one cross will meet with a bigger one on his road.—*St. Philip Neri*.

Experience is required in the making of most anything excepting mistakes.

Pointed Paragraphs

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION

Make your reservation early! I am not talking about that trip you intend to take or for that convention. Although it has the nature of a pilgrimage and a convention. Many this year are making a pilgrimage to Rome or the Oberammergau. Fine, but after all, this is a pilgrimage to the feet of Our Lord Himself, not to a stage presentation of the drama of Calvary, but to a living participation in it within your own soul. This is not a convention with your fellowmen concerned in business or education or professional work; it is a convention with Our Lord to consider your own highest and best and most enduring interests.

I refer to that Retreat which is calling you—somewhere in your neighborhood.

If you haven't thought about it—think about it now. If you haven't made your reservation as yet—make it now. It will be the best investment you can make of three days of your summer time.

A RETREAT EXPERIENCE

This is how one man tells of an experience at a Laymen's Retreat:

"The Retreatant retires to his room. There, in solitude, undisturbed, without distraction, he *thinks*. His mind is full, his heart is bursting. He may sit, he may kneel; he neither knows nor cares which. His whole being is submerged in a welter of livid truth. He ponders. He meditates. His intellect is ablaze, his emotions are afire. His love for his crucified God bursts its bonds. A light such as that which blinded Saul of Tarsus bursts out within himself, 'My God, it's true; it's true.' Yes, it is true; a living reality!

"The wearisome facts and formulae he learned parrot-like from his boyhood catechism; the gospels he has so often heard explained at Sunday Mass, the gripping mission sermons that moved him, all these have interested and edified him. They increased his knowledge of the Faith, they grounded him more deeply in its truths, but they gave him only the least modicum of *appreciation*.

"But now (in the retreat) that he has reflected, has built up in his soul that correlated continuity of ideas, has held intimate converse with God in meditation, he sees truth, not as a subjective abstraction, but as a living vital reality; as genuine and palpable as the material objects that surround him.

"The Catholic Faith rises before his mental vision as a mighty cathedral, its foundations fixed solidly in the earth, its spires soaring upward till they pierce the gates of highest heaven and reach to the very throne of God. He sees that every stone in the structure is a truth, a tremendous dogma, an all-entrancing principle.

"Here, in retreat, in contemplation, he touches it, embraces it, rests his weary heart beside it. It is *real*. At last, man realizes, grasps, comprehends."

Such an experience cannot but fill your heart with a love and even an enthusiasm for your Faith that will bring true satisfaction and happiness to your heart. Try it.

IDEALS AT SCHOOL

Every educator knows what an influence an ideal has on students at school or college. An illustration in point is given in a letter written by a student of Notre Dame University, in the school of engineering. The main building of the University is surmounted by a statue of Our Lady, which can be seen from all parts of the campus. It inspired this student to write:

"It is natural for us to have the Blessed Virgin's statue on the highest pedestal that could be found on the campus, standing out above all else in its silent splendor. Is not every man's mother placed, in his estimation, on the loftiest structure his mind can erect, outstanding and outshining all her surroundings?

"We think of Our Lady in the same way, for she is the mother of every man on the campus: she is patroness of the school. Her image looking toward heaven, alone in its majesty, is an inspiration to anyone. Our Lady is the first to welcome the newcomer to his new home. Her arms stretch out in greeting to the stranger as he enters the gates. Whether he be Catholic or not, this vision of loveliness dominating the school will make an impression on him that will last through life.

"Our Lady watching ceaselessly over the men here makes the school more than just another university. A fellow feels that he is going to spend the happiest four years of his life near that beautiful statue. During the first few days I sought information from upper classmen concerning football, classes, and frequent Communion; and when I learned that the name of the school (Notre Dame) means Our Lady, that she inspires the football teams and encourages students in frequent Communion and in their class work, the change in me was rapid. In less than a week the Blessed Virgin had enlisted me in her army."

Such an ideal, it is the aim of every Catholic School to present to its students.

MIDDLE AGES

Usually when Protestant speakers have occasion to refer to the Middle Ages, they characterize them as the "Dark Ages." The purpose of this reference, of course, is to cast a slur on Catholicism by imputing that the period in which the Popes were the rulers of the civilized world was a period of unenlightenment. Because of this quite general Protestant practice, it is a pleasure to quote from the address of a learned Protestant, Everett Doan Martin, in which this scholarly gentleman, speaking at The People's Institute in New York City, took quite a different view. Mr. Martin said:

"I am not a Catholic at all but there is one thing about the Catholic Church that has always tremendously interested me. If you were to say to the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, 'Show me your works; tell me why you exist,' it wouldn't have said, 'We put sewers down the main streets,' or 'We have bathrooms in every working man's home,' or 'We have lifted the multitude a millionth of an inch in a thousand years.' It would have said, 'Look at our saints.' One saint in an age can make the whole life of that age qualitatively different. In other words, one saint is enough to 'redeem' a whole age of men.

"When everyone 'goes in' for wisdom in the way men once went in for glory of war or pious sainthood, I believe that for the first time in modern history we shall begin to be civilized."

Here is one Protestant who sees the glory of the Middle Ages and hopes that it will again be the aura of a future period.

YOUR DEBT

A college man, writing in *America* for June 14, makes some very pertinent remarks in a very pointed way. "I am a Catholic college graduate—and in debt," he says. But he tells us at once that he is not referring to the kind of debt people will think of offhand. "Money won't pay my debt," he declares. It is far more serious, and affects us all.

He had been going his sunny way as a Catholic student until a short time ago he read the life of Frederic Ozanam, the great French scholar and founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. He read of Ozanam's first days at the University in Paris, and how he came very near losing his faith in the midst of the rationalistic and materialistic teachings and living of professors and students alike. Then he met Abbe Poirot, a learned and good priest, and he learned anew to appreciate his Faith. He wrote these noble words:

"I . . . vowed to consecrate my days to the service of the truth which had given me peace."

"These are the words," says our Catholic College Student, "that sound in my ears like a taunt and a challenge." And when he saw how Ozanam nobly and consistently carried out that vow, he declares:

"I wish I could explain how it was that all this affected me. I believe this book marked my passage from youth to manhood in my religious views—from the selfishness of my youth to a man's wide-awake responsibility. I felt as a man might feel who had lived all his life deep down in a cave, and then one day walked to the entrance and saw the sun shining and a man walking.

"Something really new had dawned in my life. I had lived all my life eating at the table of Truth, and it had never occurred to me to say grace. Here was a man—Ozanam—who felt bound to spend his life in gratitude for the blessed truth the Church has given him. I, on the other hand, having received much more, had taken it all quite as a matter of fact, as if it belonged to me by right. Here was a man all aglow with noble devotion because the Church had protected him in a moment of danger. I, to whom she had given teachers and truth from my cradle, had really never as much as sensed that I owed her any return.

"As I thought of all this . . . I blushed for my selfishness. It

was the kind of feeling you get when you've given a poor deal to a friend . . . only, multiplied a few times."

Here is a thought for our graduates. Before they leave their school and turn to other pursuits they might very well stop to think a while about their *debt* to God for the gift of Faith and all it brings.

9

FOR THE SUMMER AND AFTER

"The morning hours," says an old German proverb, "have gold in their hands."

This is true in many ways. And it may be made true for you in a surprising way if you stop a moment to think.

Mass is being offered—in the morning hours—not so far, perhaps, from your home. There is Calvary renewed—not like a theatrical representation—but as a mystic reality. There is the same Lord Jesus in all, though hidden, reality—still, as on the Cross, offering Himself for man and man's needs. You can be as close to the crucified Savior as was Mary Magdalen, who pressed her head to the blood-stained wood of the Cross.

There, at the altar, during Mass, Our dear Lord offers Himself still in adoration, thanksgiving, atonement and supplication for you. If you wish, you can be as close to Him as St. John, the beloved disciple was, when Jesus bent down His head from the cross and said: "Son, behold thy Mother!"

Can you calculate what a short half-hour on Calvary might mean for you?

There is an organization called The Calvary Guild, whose headquarters are at 1628 Hudson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Its one purpose is to encourage devout attendance at Holy Mass daily if possible. Joining such an organization may give you the necessary encouragement to adopt and continue a practice, which you already feel, must be most beneficial to you.

Kind thoughts imply a close contact with God, and a divine ideal in our minds. Their origin cannot be anything short of divine. Like the love of beauty, they can spring from no base source. They are not dictated by self-interest nor stimulated by passion; they have nothing in them which is insidious, and they are almost always the preludes to some sacrifice of self.—*Faber*.

Catholic Events

A report from Rome states that Pope Pius XI has decided to hold a consistory on June 30, at which five new Cardinals will be created. The prelates to be elevated to the Cardinalate are: Msgr. Francis Marchetti Selvaggiani; Msgr. Julius Serafini; Msgr. Raphael Charles Rossi; Msgr. F. Lienart, Bishop of Lille; and Msgr. Silveria Centra, Coadjutor Bishop of Rio de Janeiro.

There are now fifty-eight members of the Sacred College instead of the full number of seventy. Of these twenty-eight are Italian and thirty of other nationalities.

* * *

The controversy between Lord Strickland, Prime Minister of Malta, and the ecclesiastical authorities has grown more acute. But anyone who studies the phases of the trouble will see that the Prime Minister, who proclaims himself to be a Catholic, has not only acted in the most un-Catholic, but also in the most unfair manner. Under his inspiration, evidently, the English Government has published a Blue Book, stating its side of the matter. The London "Tablet," criticizes the Government for its "unfairness, unintelligence and frequent approaches to bad manners" in the handling of the dispute.

The Vatican is preparing to publish a "White Book," which will give its official explanation of the situation, which arose from the Prime Minister's interference in a purely private matter—the removal of a priest by his religious superiors.

* * *

Dr. Selden P. Delany has resigned as Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York, in order to become a Catholic. It is also reported that Dr. Delany intends to go to Rome shortly to study for the priesthood.

The Church of St. Mary is said to be the largest and one of the most prominent Anglo-Catholic churches in the Protestant Episcopal Church. In addition to being its Rector, Dr. Delany was also editor of the American Church Monthly, an office in which he became internationally known.

In a letter to Bishop Manning a few days ago, it is said, Dr. Delany stated that his convictions would no longer permit him to remain in the Protestant Episcopal ministry. In his resignation, he made no mention, it is further said, of his intention of becoming a Catholic.

Dr. Delany was born at Fond du Lac, Wis., June 24, 1874, and was reared a Presbyterian. While a student at Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1896, he became a Protestant

Episcopalian. He was graduated from Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, in 1899, and among his charges have been the following: Curate, St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Rector, St. John's Church, Roxbury, Boston; Vicar, St. Stephen's Church, Menasha, Wis.; Rector, Grace Church, Appleton, Wis.; and Dean of All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee.

It is reported that Dr. Delany will be received into the Church on July 1, and that he will sail for Europe shortly after.

* * *

Two Americans are among the six prelates who have been chosen for Episcopal honors by the latest decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. They are the Rt. Rev. Joseph Espelage, O.F.M., of Cincinnati, Ohio; and the Rt. Rev. Thomas Wade, S.M., of Providence, R. I. Bishop Espelage becomes head of Wuchanfi, China, newly raised from a prefecture to a vicariate in the Hupeh Providence, and Bishop Wade is made Vicar Apostolic of the North Solomon Islands in Oceania.

* * *

Plans for a \$500,000 bond issue to be used in the exploitation of farm lands in an extensive co-operative farming program in Porto Rico were announced by Governor General Theodore Roosevelt, at a meeting of the Catholic Porto Rican Child Welfare Association, in New York. The Governor General is honorary president of the Association.

Colonel Roosevelt urged appropriation by Congress of \$3,000,000 for Porto Rican relief, saying that failure to grant the requested aid would cause economic chaos in Porto Rico and the deaths of thousands of children. He said that 6 per cent of the children there are undernourished as a result of economic depression since the last cyclone.

"Of the 1,500,000 residents of Porto Rico nearly 1,000,000 are suffering from some disease," Colonel Roosevelt said.

* * *

Colonel Roosevelt has also issued an appeal to American Catholics for the support of a children's hospital on the island of Porto Rico.

"No one is better competent to judge of the vital necessity of such work than the Catholic priests on the island," said Governor Roosevelt, "for their service has lain with the rank and file of the people. I most earnestly hope that the Catholics of our country will give to Bishop Willinger, the Catholic Porto Rican Child Welfare Association and me the generous support this cause merits."

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The Rev. C. H. LeBlond, diocesan director of charities of Cleveland, will be one of the four American delegates to the Pan-American Child Welfare Conference to be held at Lima, Peru, July 4-10. He was appointed as an American delegate by Secretary of Labor James J. Davis.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools, known as the Christian Brothers, will commemorate the 250th anniversary of their institute on June 24. There is to be no public observance, it has been announced.

The institute was founded by the great St. John Baptist de la Salle and today numbers 15,000 brothers, in addition to nearly 5,000 novices or young men who are now in houses of study throughout the world. The order is divided into 60 provinces, each of which is a complete unit with its own provincial and its own novitiate and house of studies.

Five of the provinces are in the United States, having their centers at New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, San Francisco and New Orleans. Other provinces are established in Ireland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Palestine, Egypt, Indo-China, Panama, Ecuador, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Australia, and elsewhere.

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More than 300 Sisters began work at the summer normal course which opened at the Diocesan Teachers' College in St. Paul. Most of the nuns are from the Archdiocese of St. Paul, but five mid-western states are also represented.

Religious vacation schools, where children of the country town and rural districts are instructed in religion, are again functioning under the direction of Father Byrnes. He announces that 21 vacation schools have been opened, and that many others will open during the course of the summer.

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Thirty-four religious vacation schools, devoted to children who have not the advantage of a parish school, will be conducted in Milwaukee Archdiocese this summer, beginning Wednesday, July 27. This announcement was given out by the Milwaukee Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women, which is sponsoring the work.

Thirty-three of the schools will be taught by Sisters of the various communities in the Archdiocese. One, that of Oregon, by a seminarian. The schools continue throughout July, and have morning sessions only.

This is the sixth year of religious vacation schools in Milwaukee Archdiocese.

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Sister Mary Aloyse Elingson, S.L., has been recognized by the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine, by having the report of her work in science printed in the society's publication. This is the first time that any Catholic Sister has been so honored.

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The Catholic Charities of St. Louis, in a report released at the recent annual meeting of the organization, gave a figure of \$1,023,403 as the estimated amount expended on diocesan charity in 1929.

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Some Good Books

Tramping to Lourdes. By John Gibbons, of Hornsey. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. 213 pages. Price, \$2.00.

In truly antique fashion the whole title reads: "Tramping To Lourdes, Being some account of the Adventures that befell John Gibbons, of Hornsey, in Middlesex, in a Pilgrimage undertaken through Anjou and Auvergne, Quercy, Bearn, and Bigorre, with other Foreign Parts, in the 47th year of his Age, and in the Year of Grace 1928."

Let me say at once, this book was chosen by the Catholic Book club as the best book of the month. I think it deserves that distinction.

There are a great many travel books; but this one is different. It reads more like a story. And the spirit that enlivens it is sunny, humorous, refined, because it is the spirit of an old-time pilgrim.

"My promise to my wife bound me to walk across France from Mont St. Michel to Lourdes, though I was free to accept any stray lift neither begged nor paid for." I don't know the whole story that lies behind that sentence; but somehow it makes me feel more like reading the book. Here is a human writing—not one of our modern pagans—who, unfortunately, seem to be doing all or at least much of the writing nowadays.

You will enjoy the book any time; you cannot make a better choice for your vacation reading.

Upon This Rock. By the Rev. F. J. Mueller. New York. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. 302 pages. Price, \$2.00.

Father Mueller has given us a very useful book, not only because of its splendid presentation of our faith and defense of Catholic teaching and practice, but also because of the interesting, forceful and often eloquent manner in which this presentation is made. The arguments may not be strikingly new—the illustrations used not altogether novel; but seldom, I think, has the witness of common sense, pouring over the Faith, been told so well.

"What can a modern man believe? That," says Father Mueller in his preface, "is the question, or its equivalent, that

is uppermost in many a person's mind when he is confronted with the proposition of religious thinking at all. There has been developed a sort of intellectual snobbishness that takes it quite for granted that religious thinking and feeling—in a word, religious faith—was all very well for some untutored age, but not for the modern era of intellectual enlightenment."

Very well said. And when we see some of this snobbishness parading in Sunday papers or magazine articles, under the form of "scientific articles" on "what I cannot believe," we are glad to find sane common sense once more given a tongue to speak.

Co-Stars: Cecil Spooner and Oscar Wilde. By Will W. Whalen. Published by the White Squaw Press. Ortanna, Adams County, Pa. 237 pages. Price, \$2.00.

The subtitle of the book reads: "A mere little comedy about more or less legitimate actors on two Sunday mornings and one Sunday night." And on the jacket we read: "A novel of the Theatre."

These notes will give you some idea of what to expect. It is a story—rather thin it seems to me—not nearly so good as others I have read by the same Will W. Whalen of stage folk. A few conversations carry the story almost to the end, and sometimes the conversation reminds one of vaudeville.

The White Plume of Aloysius. By Alfred J. Barrett, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press. St. Louis, Mo. Pamphlet, 36 pages. Price, 10 cents.

Oh, that old story again! Yes, I grant, Lives of St. Aloysius have been written again and again. Perhaps you have even read one, or perhaps you just looked at the cover long enough to say: That must be a preachy book! Perhaps. But, if you have any idealism in you, if you have a spark of healthy admiration for real heroism in your heart, you will enjoy this little booklet. This isn't a St. Aloysius that was; this is a St. Aloysius that is. The young Italian nobleman and Jesuit student is really alive.

Lucid Intervals

'Namos: "Andy, you is a rexpert in dese here biblical materials; does you admire to expound some bible to me?"

'NAndy: "You nevah announced a more truful sentence and you nevah proposed to me a more delectable dooty. Shoot the query, big boy, and ah toots the response."

'Namos: "Well what ah wants to know is who am dose epistles we heah so much about?"

'NAndy: "Bo, yo' suah am dumb. Dem epistles am nothin' more nor less dan the sistahs of the apostles."

Old Mose Parker was pretty sick and the darky doctor promptly put him to bed and laid down all sorts of rules and regulations as to sleep and diet. After he had gone Mose turned to his wife and complained:

"Mandy, how does dat dere fool doctor reckon Ah's gwine to eat breast ob chicken ebry day if Ah ain't got mah ebenin's free?"

"... And, waiter," added the fussy old gentleman, "have my chops lean."

"Yes, sir. Which way, sir?"

Lady (on street car): "Pardon me. Did I jab you with my umbrella?"

Tough Egg: "Would yer mind doin' it ag'in a couple time, lady? I used ter be de Human Pincushion in a side show, and I been outa work for a long spell."

Dope: "So you don't like Cuba?"

Mope: "Naw, I went into a restaurant there to get a glass of milk. The waiter didn't speak English, so I drew a picture of a cow and he went out and bought me a ticket to a bull fight."

The negro passenger in the steerage, who was very seasick, was bantered by his friend as being a landlubber. "Dat's correct," said the mal-de-mer victim weakly. "Dey ain't no ahgment dere. Ah's a landlubber an' Ah's jes' findin' out how much Ah lubs it."

Counsel: "Now answer yes or no. Were you or were you not bitten on the premises?"

Witness: "Anatomy ain't my strong point, but I can tell you I couldn't sit down for a week."

Temperance Lecturer: "Now, suppose I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey. Which of the two would he take?"

Voice: "He'd take the water."

Temperance Lecturer: "And why would he take the water?"

Voice: "Because he's an ass."

"Why is Mabel so put out? The papers gave a full account of her wedding."

"Yes; they put 'Miss Blackfield was married to a well known collector of antiques'."

"Im thirsty; I want a drink."

"Drink milk; it's good for your blood."

"I'm not blood-thirsty."

Agent: "I should like to demonstrate this new safety razor to you. It means a revolution in the art of shaving."

Mr. Knicker: "Thank you. I have one and I must say that the revolution was not altogether bloodless."

Supersensitive Customer: "But I couldn't think of eating a rabbit that had been shot or trapped."

Butcher: "Here, missus, have this one; it was frightened to death."

Landlady—"Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Hornswoggle."

Hornswoggle—"I'm not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat on my plate and it didn't frighten me a bit."

Lawyer—"Then you say that this man was drunk?"

Witness—"I do not. I merely stated that he sat in his car in front of the excavation for three hours, waiting for the red light to turn green."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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